

The Dilettante: A Modern Type

He scribbles some in prose and verse,

And now and then he prints it;

He paints a little, —gathers some

Of Nature's gold and mints it.

He plays a little, sings a song,

Acts tragic roles, or funny;

He does, because his love is strong,

But not, oh, not for money!

He studies almost everything

From social art to science;

A thirsty mind, a flowing spring,

Demand and swift compliance.

He looms above the sordid crowd—

At least through friendly lenses;

While his mamma looks pleased and proud,

And kindly pays expenses.